



THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, with others.*

King.



O shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath short winded accēts of new broils
To be commenc't in stronds a far remote:
No more the thirty entrance of this soile
Shal dawbe her lips with her owne childrens
No more shall trenching war channel her fields, (blood,
Nor bruise her flourets with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming rancks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his matter: therefore friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose souldiour now, vnder whose blessed crosse
We are impress'd and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuy,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chase these Pagans in those holy fields,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feet,

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